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ADMISSIONS OF THOSE OUT OF THE CHURCH.

Mr. Ward's "Ideal of a Christian Church."

(CONCLUDING NOTICE.)

Since we last selected passages from this remarkable volume, its author has been summoned before the tribunal of the Oxford convocation, and although some hundreds recorded their votes in his favour, he has nevertheless been censured for the publication of it. All this excitement has caused an earnest study of the principles laid down in the "Ideal," not merely in the University, but throughout Great Britain; and it is not too much to assert, if it has not already made converts to the Catholic faith, it has disposed, and will still further in all probability dispose the minds of hundreds and thousands of reflecting and influential minds to a greater respect for antiquity, a greater reverence for the holy sacraments, a greater disgust for the selfish reformers of the sixteenth century, a stronger determination to examine the Church in its more favourable aspects, and to defend its cause against a flippant world.

On the subject of daily examination of conscience, a practice recommended by every spiritual writer and confessor, Mr. Ward remarks:

"Without alluding to individuals, I can see no *system* in this country, except the Roman Catholic, which attaches any particular weight whatever to a principle, which if true must *deserve* more weight than all others put together; I can see no system, which wholly or even partly bases its inculcation of Christian truth on its careful enforcement of moral discipline. The Roman Catholics indeed, in this as in so many other respects, have witnessed the pure Gospel to a blind and carnal age. I am told on the best authority, that no serious Roman Catholic would omit any one day the usual 'examen of conscience,' without making the omission a subject of mention as a sin at his next confession; while in religious houses and seminaries for the priesthood they frequently enforce the 'particular examination' (of which more hereafter) three times in every day. To this we should add repeated meditations, according to a set plan, on such subjects as 'sin,' 'death,' and 'judgment to come;' and moreover the practice itself, which alone would so powerfully tend to secure moral discipline, of Sacramental Confession. But our own Church, (not to speak here of the Dissenters, who are even more in fault,) whether in the recognised system of education or of later instruction, most obviously implies a belief, that the reading of the Sacred Volume will convey religious and practical truth, to a mind unprepared by special and wisely-devised discipline. A more senseless and perverse superstition cannot be conceived."

The reflections of the author on the pride and fatal confidence inspired by the doctrines of Luther and Calvin on Justification, will well repay the most careful study; but they are so closely united together, and are generally of such an abstract kind, that it is scarcely possible to make extracts from them. The reply sometimes made (when we assert the superiority of our creed), that many Catholics are seen living in sin, and that they are often less careful of their moral conduct than the so-called evangelicals, is thus disposed of:

"I am inclined to notice distinctly an objection to the preceding denunciation of this doctrine, which on the surface has an ingenious appearance. It is asked, can any one say that the *average* of Evangelicals is conspicuously inferior in Christian excellence to the *average* of Roman Catholics? And if not, how misplaced all these severe attacks! A moment's consideration shows the fallacy. No one, I suppose, adopts 'Evangelical' opinions, who does not profess religion to be his chief concern; nay, who does not consider himself quite certainly in God's favour. The only fair comparison then is, not with the mass of worldly Roman Catholics, but with those of them who are in a similar category: of those, that is, who are regular at Confession and Communion. Take the comparison in this, the only fair way, and most striking is the contrast. If we compare the *average* specimens, multitudes of the 'Evangelicals,' from the fearful amount of their 'self-deceit,' are in most imminent danger of eternal ruin: and if we compare the *best* specimens, on the one side we have the Saints of the Church, on the other side a body of men who, however excellent, possess not, to speak generally, (from what I know of their recorded lives I should incline to consider the exceptions extremely few), so much as the first rudiments of the full Christian character."

The manner in which British youth are trained at our great public schools of Eton, Harrow, and Rugby, and at the Universities, has often been discussed. It is confessed by all, that they are taught "excellently well" Latin and Greek, and all the means of distinguishing themselves in *this* world; but what gross neglect or incapacity is seen

"In teaching them the far more difficult art—of daily examining their consciences, of fixing their thoughts on God while at prayer, of keeping in their minds a constant sense of God's presence, of recognising the first approach of a sinful thought, of fighting against it when it persists in knocking for admittance? You will say that this art, however difficult, cannot be taught in class: so *I* say; therefore you must have the Confessional.

"Every one knows how loudly the praises of our public schools have at various times been sounded, as affording so admirable a preparation for the busy scene of life, in that they impart habits of manly independence, vigorous exertion, sturdy reliance on self. I am not here inquiring whether such praises have been well deserved, though presently I may have something to say on the subject: certainly if the system has been good, it has been so by a surprisingly happy acci-

dent; though on the other hand it cannot be denied, that there is at first sight much plausibility in the grounds of defence above stated. However, the chief object of a school is not to prepare men for active life in this world, but for active Life in the next; and the most bigotted of Conservatives cannot gravely maintain, that to *this* object any happy accident has adapted our school system: no one can say, that the habits of boys at our public schools are eminently fitted to discipline them for an eternity of praise and divine contemplation. The chapter of accidents then having here at least confessedly failed, whither are we to look for the deep spiritual wisdom which certainly does seem a more promising agent for such a task? Those who have had influence in our public schools, have not trusted to accident for the pupil's progress in Greek or Latin; but to what else *have* they trusted for his progress in all holy living? Can there be a more striking or more unspeakably disgraceful contrast, than that which exists between the stream of Lexicons, Grammars, Prefaces to Hecuba, Editions of Æschylus, &c., which has perennially flowed, and the most ominous dearth (ought we not rather to say total absence) of works intended to teach the young—what sins are most likely to assail Christians placed in *their* position? what will be the fittest remedies against them? what will be the best mode of performing that duty, (difficult beyond all others to a serious boy, placed in the midst of a multitude far from like minded with himself), the uniting deep and watchful conscientiousness with the absence of all that is peevish and puritanical? How infiniteiy more precious in God's sight is the Christian course of one single boy, amidst such temptations trying to serve Him, than the progress of hundreds in Latin Verses or English Essays! but can it be said that our system is formed on such a principle? I most willingly admit, that very admirable and praiseworthy efforts have been lately made, to amend the more atrocious part at least of this great wickedness; and sorry indeed should I be, to forbear from expressing all gratitude and honour to those who have made them. But taking all that has been done at its utmost, can it even now be said with any approach to truth, or would not the very idea excite unbounded astonishment, that a boy entering one of our public schools would be daily impressed with the supreme and unapproached importance of religion? that he would feel the spiritual welfare of himself and his fellow-scholars to be the one central object on which the whole system converges? that he would find no questions meet with so ready and full an answer from his instructors, as applications for advice under the influence of this or that temptation?"

He then pays the following graceful tribute to the system established at Oscott College, which, we are sure, could he have examined our other colleges, he would have found himself obliged to give to them.

"Consider, as a contrast to this, some particulars in the plan pursued at St. Mary's, Oscott; which I the rather mention, because I may add from my own personal observation, (when I was there more than a whole day nearly three years ago), that a more lively and joyous assemblage of boys and young men, with greater appearance of youthful happiness and buoyancy, and more complete absence of the most distant approach to gloom or restraint of manner, I can never expect to behold. All, at a fixed time in each evening, perform their examen of conscience. All above the age of seven go regularly to Confession; few, I believe, less frequently than once in a fortnight: insomuch that the routine of study is altogether interfered with on the Saturday, that time may be given for this holy exercise. Every time they go into the public study or to a class, a prayer, with 'Veni Sancte Spiritus,' &c., is recited by the person on duty or the Professor; so that every new act of study is commenced by prayer. At the three different times in the day, when the 'Angelus' sounds, the appropriate prayer is recited; if it be in recreation time, play is for the few minutes suspended. In the course of every day all attend Mass, hear a chapter of the New Testament, a visit is made to the Blessed Sacrament, with an appropriate prayer, and part of some spiritual work is read, and explained, if necessary, by each master to his class. It need hardly be said, of course, that the priest who hears their Confession at stated times, would be most ready and delighted to give them advice and help at any time; nor would there be any backwardness on their part in consulting him."

How feelingly is the duty of self-denial and humiliation from a consideration of the sorrows of our blessed Lord, here set forth!

"Again, observe to how great an extent the very idea had gone out from our Church, until quite lately, of afflicting ourselves at stated times in sympathy with His sufferings, or of so realizing His sufferings as to make the thought of them a matter of personal sorrow and depression of heart. Is it in human nature to read such accounts as those contained in our services for Holy Week, and to know that each sin of ours bore its part in aggravating the pangs He endured, and yet feel nothing like distress and anguish of mind, if we really love Him? or shall we say, that those multitudes in our Church, to whom the notion of such distress and anguish has seemed strange, fantastical, unaccountable, contain in their number none who really love God? If this be, as I most readily acknowledge, an unbearably harsh censure, what follows (as in the last case) but that they do not really feel that He *is* God?"

The Poor-Law is altered every year, and every day, and in every place is found to create dissatisfaction in the minds of those administering its provisions, no less than in the minds of those for whose benefit the law is made. Mr. Ward has reflected on the history of other ages, and he comes to the conclusion that holy men and women, like the monks and nuns of old, must be found among us, and in great numbers too, before these social evils can be remedied.

"Let us see a band of enthusiastic men, self-devoted to the cause,—many of them following at an infinite distance the steps of Him 'who though He were rich yet for our sakes became poor,'—all of them like to the poor in their manner of life, and like to the rich in their knowledge and education, except that the latter is deeply impregnated, in every particular, with the Catholic doctrine and spirit; let us see such men as these dispersed, as one may say, in swarms, among our crowded manufacturing towns, bringing by their very presence both encouragement and edification; full of that tender loving-kindness which Catholic discipline alone implants; and looking on the poor, in the light which Catholics *do* look on them, as sacramental tokens of the Lord's nearer presence; what would not be the result? Soon would that suspicion dissolve, which is perhaps even the most fearful sign of the times, that deep and rankling suspicion entertained by the poor, that those above them are not really interested in their happiness and well-being; soon would they open all their griefs to these loving and intelligent sympathisers:—what distresses, bodily or mental, most severely press upon them;—what are their chief spiritual or temporal enemies;—what the causes of their most corroding anxiety, or their most desponding apathy;—these and a thousand other particulars, now so hopelessly concealed from those who might devise a remedy, would come forth to light; and human science, powerless while confined to definitions and abstractions, might now at length exert its mighty aid in devising means of solace and relief.

"Nor are these holy men, or again, devoted women, less imperatively required as ministers of relief, than as investigators of distress.

"The presence of such men as I have described, among our crowded and miserable population; imparting such spiritual discipline and instruction, as that to which I have alluded in the early part of this chapter; and administering also the temporal relief supplied by the Church's richer members, according to a wisely-devised and well-digested plan; their presence, I say, would be as some fertilizing and irrigating stream, which should be caused to flow upon a parched and dreary waste. True comforters would they be, true ministers

of the Holy Ghost in His Blessed Office; performing, as His instruments, the work which the Church in communion with Rome yearly prays Him to perform:

"O Lux Beatissima, reple cordis intima tuorum fidelium.
"Sine Tuo Numine nihil est in homine nihil est innoxium.
"*Lava quod est sordidum, riga quod est aridum, sana quod est saucium,*
"*Flecte quod est rigidum, fove quod est frigidum, rege quod est devium.*"*

"When we consider the festering mass of misery prevailing among our poor population, of which I gave a few specimens in the second chapter, and which even the most reckless begin now to regard with something like dismay, insomuch that the continued preservation among us of our idolized 'peace and order,' seems almost a standing miracle; surely the promise of rearing such a body of men is one which the mere worldly politician will hail with sympathy, and with an anxious hope to find the promise fulfilled. But the notion of rearing them without the discipline of the Confessional, or without the inculcation of the full Orthodox Faith, is a theory than which no dream of Utopia was ever more fantastical; reason disproves it, experience refutes it."

But it is time to bring the review of this extraordinary book to a conclusion, and we will merely add half-a-dozen short and remarkable passages.

"I trust certainly for myself, that none even of my earlier writings in the British Critic imply any such equality of the English Church to the Roman, that I should presume simply and without qualification to call Roman Catholics, as such, brethren; and indeed all through his comments on the 'extreme section of theologians within the Church of England,' the Reviewer understates the amount of reverence, gratitude, sympathy, and faith, which for myself certainly I always desire to feel towards Roman doctrine.

"In looking for guidance in that quarter, where my own eyes are always first directed when in search of spiritual wisdom,† I mean the Church of Rome.

"In those two necessary and fundamental duties of a Church—the maintenance of moral and religious discipline, and of an orthodox faith—never in any period has the Roman Catholic Church shone with a brighter lustre, than since the Reformation.

"For my own part, I think it would not be right to conceal, indeed I am anxious openly to express, my own most firm and undoubting conviction—that were we, as a Church, to pursue such a line of conduct as has been here sketched, in proportion as we did so, we should be taught from above to discern and appreciate the plain marks of Divine wisdom and authority in the Roman Church, to repent in sorrow and bitterness of heart our great sin in deserting her communion, and to sue humbly at her feet for pardon and restoration.

"I am much concerned at being obliged to crowd into a note the observations I had promised on St. Alphonsus: but space forbids the enlargement on the subject which I could wish. No one affects me so much as a devotional writer; and I speak therefore with some claim to be heard, when I give an opinion on matters of facts connected with his writings. Though a copious, he is very far from a *various* writer: on the contrary, in all his devotional works there is a continual recurrence of four leading ideas, which seem his habitually prominent subjects of thought. I. The miraculous love of our Blessed Lord in His Passion; II. in giving Himself to us as our sacramental food; III. that union with Him is perfect happiness, and separation from Him the only real misery; IV. that the Blessed Virgin's intercession is all-powerful with Him. Of course, when one reads the 'Glories of Mary,' one must expect that the chief subject shall be what the title professes; but it is impossible to read his ordinary works with any fairness, and doubt for a moment, (even apart from the feeling which would lead any ordinarily humble mind to take *on faith* that so great a Saint did not err in such a particular, (see p. 427, 8.) that his feeling of 'latria' is exclusively given to God. One illustration I may especially mention: the idea of *union* with our Blessed Lord, to which I lately alluded, is peculiarly the ascription to Him of a Divine attribute: now I will take upon myself to maintain a negative, and deny that any expression will be found throughout his writings in regard to the Blessed Virgin, of a similar nature.

"Three years have passed, since I said plainly, that in subscribing the Articles I renounce no one Roman doctrine.

"But now—when opinion is pursuing its free course, and shows plainly that it will not be stinted—when both sides are beginning to discover the real points at issue, and the Reformation itself is openly and undisguisedly attacked—the commotion, which agitates the surface, might be confidently expected from the mighty influences which are stirring the depths. Principles and habits, which have grown through three hundred years, cannot be uprooted by one gentle and peaceful effort; and Protestantism is a demon, which will 'cruelly rend' the body from which it is preparing to depart."*

Surely, for one who has been favoured by God with such knowledge as has been Mr. Ward, who has been enabled to discover such errors in the system under which he is living, and such helps to holiness in the Church, of which the Roman Pontiff is the head under Christ, it is the clear duty of all good Catholics to pray, that he may receive a final grace, and in humility and obedience join that communion which he now knows was formed, without a doubt, by Jesus Christ.

Men reflect little; they read carelessly; they judge hastily; and they receive opinions as they receive money, because it is a current coin.

A conqueror is a man, who, with a happy and cunning dexterity of head, avails himself of the arm of another.

Those who complain of fortune, have frequently to complain of themselves.

To be so weak as to deem oneself superior to one's profession, is an assured way of being below it.

A good reputation requires some time to ripen.

The only way to force a man to say what is good, is to do good.

Great enmities produce less crimes than does fanaticism.

A strange mania that of some gentlemen, who would positively have us miserable. I am no admirer of a charlatan, who would persuade me that I am ill, in order that he may supply me with pills.

A name too famous is indeed a weighty burden.

We should abandon what is false and untenable, as well when we have no substitute, as when we have the demonstrations of Euclid to take their place. An error is neither more nor less than an error, whether we replace it with truth or not.

Weak mortal, cease to dispute against that, that ought to be adored!

In every age men have supposed that God is accustomed to hear the maledictions of the dying.

The Arabians recommend patience by the following proverb: "Be patient and the mulberry-leaf will become satin."

* Sequence on Whitsunday. This most beautiful hymn, 'Veni Sancte Spiritus,' is attributed to Innocent III.

† I mean to which, as *an organized Society*, my eyes are so directed: many, I suppose, will understand and echo my feeling when I say, that the first quarter, to which I always look for spiritual wisdom, is nearer home.

* I speak of course of Protestantism in the abstract: Archbishop Whately applies the same image, that I have used in the text, to 'Romanism.'

THE MINSTERS AND CATHEDRALS OF GERMANY.

If we had no other evidence of the splendour of the middle ages than that displayed in the works of art of all kinds, which that period has handed down to us, we should even then have ample proof wherewith to refute those opinions which, without any modification, pronounce that epoch to have been dark, barbarous, and miserable. A period of ignorance and calamity could not have produced such sublime works as the minsters of Strasburg, Vienna, and Ulm, together with the cathedrals of Cologne, Magdeburg, Spires, Freiburg, and so many other churches in the cities of Germany and the Low Countries. For art flourishes solely in the light of freedom, and in the genial warmth of prosperity and human happiness. In order to comprehend the origin, and, especially, the successful execution of those miracles of architecture, according to one great plan, we must remark that it was not individual architects, who, with sometimes good, and sometimes bad workman, as in our times, undertook such works; but they were accomplished by an association of masons, distributed over the whole of Germany, and, indeed, over the whole of Europe, who were bound together by religion, honour, and discipline. Even among the Romans, there were building societies of great extent, the remaining members of which retired to the monasteries, and there occupied themselves chiefly with the construction of churches, and created the more sublime style of Christian architecture. Regular, but temporal, builders were also received into the society; and when, in the eleventh century, the vigour of the monachal system began to slumber in the indolence and satiety of acquired riches, these temporal builders obtained by degrees the superiority, and eventually formed the grand association by means of which those wonderful works were executed. They possessed and followed mysterious signs and customs by which the members of the body forming the class of the more sublime architecture were distinguished from the more simple artisans. Every society had its protecting patron, from whom it was named; and wherever a grand undertaking was to be executed, they all came from their various districts, and assembled on the spot; so that their art, like a common possession, was beneficially distributed throughout most Christian countries. These important societies received from the reigning emperor and princes letters of license, and even their own exclusive judicial courts, at which the chief architect presided as judge. Close to the spot on which was to be erected the large building they were engaged upon, and which edifice, perhaps, took centuries to construct, a wooden house or *hütte* was generally built, neatly adorned inside, in which the said chief architect, with the sword of justice in his hand, sat under a canopy, and pronounced judgment. This hütte or court-house, in Strasburg, derived a peculiar importance during the period of the construction of the minster. It was soon regarded as the most distinguished amongst all in Germany; its institutions were imitated, and the other court-houses frequently derived counsel and decision from it. But the noble principle of these associations ended with the decline of the great spirit of the middle ages. The great architectural undertakings ceased; the energies of men were divided in all directions. War monopolised so entirely the resources of states, that for great monuments of art but little more could be done.—*Kohlrausch's History of Germany.*

Man beholds the face; God looks upon the heart.
Man considers the actions; God weighs the intentions.

THE SISTER OF MERCY.

AN IMITATION.

She wore a wreath of roses
Upon her modest brow;
And her golden tresses floated
O'er her vesture white as snow.
She stood before the Altar,
In youth and beauty's pride,
To ask the King of Mercy
To take her for his Bride.
I gazed but for a moment,
Yet methinks I see her now,
With that wreath of snow-white roses
Upon her modest brow.

And once again I saw her,
But the wreath was there no more,
And o'er her golden tresses,
A sable veil she wore.
Again before the altar
She stood—accepted now,
To breathe to Jesus, Mercy's King,
The irrevocable vow.
I gazed but for a moment:
Yet methinks I see her now,
With that dark and flowing veil
Upon her downcast brow.

And once again I saw her,
With the wreath upon her head:—
But the bloom of youth and beauty,
From her wan cheek was fled.
She had died the death of Charity,
For those to Jesus dear;
And she lay before the altar,
Stretched on the funeral bier.
I looked but for a moment,
Yet methinks I see her now,
With that wreath of virgin roses
Upon her death-cold brow.

And often since I've seen her
As first she met my sight:
Her form oft floats before me,
In visions of the night.
And there is One beside her,
To cheer her with His love;
The Spouse she chose on earth,
Now her's in heaven above.
O! often thus I've seen her:—
Yea, methinks I see her now,
With a crown of diamond roses
Upon her queen-like brow.

To prize every thing according to its *real* use, ought to be the aim of a rational being. There are few things which can much conduce to happiness, and, therefore, few things to be ardently desired. He that looks upon the business and bustle of the world, with the philosophy with which Socrates surveyed the fair at Athens, will turn away at last with his exclamation: "How many things are here which I do not want."—*Dr. Johnson.*

WE MUST THINK RIGHTLY OF FINE CHURCHES AND ORNAMENTS.

After the lapse of so many centuries, a second bishop sits on the throne of Ripon. And is there no trace of the abbot Wilfrid? Yes—the townsmen of his conventual city know one Sunday in the year by the name of Wilfrid Sunday. How melancholy! a name, not a thing, a shadow with not enough of cognisable substance to be reproachful to those who play with it. Miserable indeed! the faith that Wilfrid lives and intercedes, is it widely spread in Ripon? The truths that he taught, are they acknowledged there? The unity for which he sacrificed himself, is it prized there? Wilfrid Sunday! what do men mean, when they call the thousand and one vestiges of better times, visible in England, lingering relics of Catholicism? What lingers in them or about them? What truth, what helpfulness, what holiness? If they be relics, what is their virtue? Whom have they healed? What have they wrought? When will people understand how unreal all such language is? Poetry is not Catholicism, though Catholicism is deeply and essentially poetical; and when a thing has become beautiful in the eyes of an antiquary it has ceased to be useful: its beauty consists in its being something which men cannot work with. A broken choir in a woody dell—if it be sweet to the eyes, and not bitter in the thoughts—if it soothes, but humbles not, what is it but a mischevous thing over which it were well to invoke a railroad, or any other devastating change. Let us be men, and not dreamers: one cannot dream in religion without profaning it. When men strive about the decorations of the altar and the lights, and the roodscreen, and the credence, and the piscina, and the sedilia, and the postures here and the postures there, and the people are not first diligently instructed in the holy mysteries or brought to realise the Presence and the Sacrifice, no less than the commemorative Sacrament—what is it all but puerility, raised into the wretched dignity of profaneness by the awfulness of the subject-matter? Is there not already very visible mischief in the architectural pedantry displayed here and there, and the grotesque earnestness about pretty trivialities, and the stupid reverence for the *formal* past? Altars are the playthings of nineteenth-century societies, and we are taught that the Church cannot change, modify, or amplify her worship: she is, so we learn, a thing of a past century, not a life of all centuries; and there is abusive wrangling and peevish sarcasm, while men are striving to force some favourite antiquated clothing of their own over the majestic figure of true, solid, abiding Catholicism. It is downright wickedness to be going thus *a-mumming* (a buffoonery, doubtless correct enough out of some mediæval costume-book), when we should be doing plain work for our age, and our neighbours. But *sentiment* is easier than *action*, and an embroidered frontal a prettier thing than an ill-furnished house and a spare table, yet after all, it is not so striking: and a wan face gives more force to a sacred rite, than an accurately clipped stole, or a handsomely swelling chasuble. The world was once taught by a holy man that there was nothing merely external in Christianity; the value of its forms consists in their being the truthful expressions of inwardly existing convictions; and what convictions of the English poor, who come unconfessed to the Blessed Sacrifice, does all this modern ancientness of vestment and adorning express? Children are fond of *playing at funerals*; it is touching to see nature's fears so working at that innocent age: whereas to see grown-up children, book in hand, *playing at mass*, putting ornament before truth, suffocating the inward by the outward, bewildering the poor instead of leading them, revelling in Catholic sentiment instead of offering the acceptable sacrifice of hardship and austerity—this is a fearful, indeed a sickening development of the peculiar iniquity of the times, a masterpiece of Satan's craft. This is not the way to become a Catholic again; it is only a profaner kind of Protestantism than any we have seen hitherto. Austerity is the mother of beauty; only so is beauty legitimately born. A hard life—that is the impressive thing, when its secrets escape here and there, at this time and at that time, as they are sure to do, however humble and given to concealment the penitent may be. A gentle yet manly inroad into modern effeminacies, simplicity of furniture, plainness of living, largeness of alms, a mingling with the poor, something of monastic discipline in households, the self-denying observance of seasons, somewhat of seclusion, silence, and spiritual retreat:—these should come first. When they have wrought their proper miracles, then will come the beauty and the poetry of Catholic ages; and that will be soon enough for them to come. It sounds poetical when we hear of the saint's sackcloth beneath his regal or pontifical attire: do we find it hard to be fully possessed with Catholic truth when we worship in a square chapel, with sash-windows and a plastered ceiling? If it be so, what manner of Catholics are we? Verily, not such as wore sackcloth in times of old, and went bravely through trouble confessing Christ. While the regulated fast, and the morning meditation, and the systematic examination of conscience are irksome restraints, under which men fret and grow restive; it is dangerous, indeed, that they should be indulging in the gorgeous chancel and the dim isle, the storied window and the chequered floor, or even the subdued and helpful excitement of the holy chant. Let us not travel too quickly on this road, though it be a very good road to be travelling, so long as it runs parallel with improved practice—or rather some little behind it, so as to be safer for self-regulated penitents, which most of us seem wilfully determined to remain. And there is yet another more excellent way of advancing the Catholic cause, which the young would do well to look to who require some field for their zeal, and are turning it into the poetry of religion. What poetry more sweet and yet withal more awfully real—indeed, hourly realised by the sensible cuttings of the very cross—than the pursuit of Holy Virginity? What is the building of a cathedral to the consecration of a living body? What is the sacrifice of money to the oblation of an undivided heart? What are the troubles and the pains of life to the struggles of the sealed affections, struggles which come never to the surface, plaints which have no audience, sorrows which cannot ask for sympathy, and haply joys of which it is but a weak thing to say that they are not fathomable? What, O young men and maidens? what is more like an actual, protracted, life-long Crucifixion, than the preservation of Holy Virginity, while every action of your gentle lives sings, like our sweet Lady, a perpetual Magnificat?—*Life of St. Wilfrid, by a Member of the Anglican Church.*

Good nature is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance which is more agreeable than beauty.

Hope is like the wing of an angel soaring up to heaven, and bearing our prayers to the throne of God.

Extend your benevolence over all nature, love whatever partakes with you of the most universal gift—existence.

MONASTIC BUILDINGS AND OFFICES.

THE remains which still adorn our landscapes bear ample testimony to their ancient grandeur, and to the munificent piety of former times.

A low and sheltered site was usually chosen for an abbey, and the facility for procuring fish had no small influence in the selection. Although such situations do not appear to have been the best calculated for promoting health, there is something in those sequestered spots marking the former existence of an abbey, which harmonizes with a devout and contemplative frame of mind; and it is not taxing our imagination too much, if we suppose that this feeling operated upon our forefathers, and led them to found their abbeys in such places as would naturally contribute to promote the end which they had in view. It would be foreign to the object of these pages to take more than a passing glance at the architectural beauties of many of our monastic edifices. It will be sufficient to observe that the builders were most perfect masters of their craft, and that the most beautiful of our modern ecclesiastical structures are mainly indebted for their excellence to the mouldering remains of the middle ages.

In many of our monastic ruins we meet with perfect specimens of the solid, but not inelegant Norman style; in others the transition to the early English is exhibited; and in the latest buildings, the decorated style, with its chaste and flowing ornaments, prevailed. As far as architectural taste is concerned, none of the preceding centuries need blush on being compared with the sixteenth, and it is a fact now generally admitted, that the darkness which has long hung over this department of art is only just beginning to be dispersed.

Most of the ancient churches, when considered complete, were built in the form of a cross, with a tower, lantern, or spire erected at the intersection. The interior space was usually thus divided: the space westward of the cross, and between the piers, is called the nave; the divisions outward of the piers are called the aisles; the space eastward of the cross is called the choir, and the part running north and south at the intersection is called the cross, or transept. The choir is separated from the nave by a screen, which is constructed either of wood or stone, above which the organ is now commonly placed. In cathedrals the choir does not generally extend to the eastern end of the building, but is terminated by the altar screen, beyond which is the Lady Chapel; and this was also the case in the principal abbey churches.

The high altar, which terminated the eastern extremity of the choir, was considerably raised above the level of the floor of the choir, and was approached by steps. It was built of stone, and the authentic mark of such an altar is said to be its five crosses.

The altar screen, which, being placed at the back of the altar, separated the choir from the Lady Chapel, was generally ornamented in a most elaborate manner, and was occasionally adorned with a painting relative to our Lord. On the south side of the high altar were the seats for the officiating ministers to sit during some part of the service, and these which are called sedilia, are still to be seen in that position in many of our churches. Adjoining these sedilia was the piscina, or little cistern to receive the water in which the sacred vessels were washed, and which was hence conveyed through a small hole at the bottom into the foundation of the building. In other parts of the church there were frequently smaller altars, where masses were said for the dead; these were rarely attended, except by the priest and his assistant; therefore sedilia are very seldom found near these altars.

The lecturn was a desk on which portions of the Holy Scriptures were read, and it was frequently made in the form of an eagle, to designate St. John the Evangelist. Many of these are still remaining, and are used in parish churches as reading-desks. One of these ancient relics is preserved in the collegiate church of Southwell, and is rendered peculiarly interesting from the story connected with it. The eagle is formed of molten brass, with expanded wings, and bears the following inscription: "Orate pro anima Radulphi Savage, et pro animabus omnium fidelium defunctorum;" *i. e.*, Pray for the soul of Ralph Savage, and for the souls of all the faithful who are dead. It originally belonged to the monastery at Newstead, and was fished up from the bottom of the lake at Newstead several years since.

On being sent to a brazier, to be cleaned and repaired, he discovered that the pedestal was hollow, and composed of several pieces. Unscrewing these, he drew forth a number of parchment deeds and grants appertaining to the abbey, and bearing the seals of Edward the Third and Henry the Eighth, which had been concealed, and ultimately sunk in the lake, by the monks, at the dissolution, in order to substantiate their right and title to their domains at some future day.

The analogium was a reading desk, over which a gilt eagle was suspended, with expanded wings. The seats of those who sung in the choir consisted of two parts, which were denominated antica and postica. In the postica were the folding-seats which were raised when the singers were to stand. The folding part afforded a kind of seat, and from the relief which it occasionally afforded, was called a misericord. The antica formed a kind of leaning stock, on which they reclined when the venia or pardon was to be sought; in seeking which, there were two kinds of genuflection, the greater and the less; the former required a very low inclination of the body, the latter required only the head and neck to be bent.

The organ was very different to the modern instrument of that name; and had all its pipes exposed. The organist was not an appointed officer, but one of the society, the whole being early trained in the practice of vocal and instrumental music. In the fourteenth century they were very general in abbeys; and in the middle of the following century, that at St. Alban's was said to be the best in the kingdom.

Lockers were small cavities in the wall, either at the east, or south-east end of the chancel, and they are occasionally to be found in village churches, which have escaped the ruthless visitation of modern churchwardens. The sacred vessels for the use of the high altar, the wine and water for the Eucharist, and the oil for unction and chrism, were kept in the locker.

Excubitoria, were apartments for persons who watched the whole night. In Lincoln Cathedral there is a chamber of timber where the searchers of the church used to lie, who observed the following custom:—When the church doors were shut, they tolled the greatest of our Lady's bells forty tolls; after which they retired to their chamber, and partook of the bread and beer which was allowed them; and then walked round and searched the church.

Rood-lofts, were galleries which extended across the nave at the entrance of the chancel, or choir, in which were placed images of the crucifixion, and occasionally of St. Mary and St. John. Besides these, there were sometimes rows of saints, but not always. This gallery is commonly supported by a cross beam, richly carved with foliage, and sometimes superbly gilt; and underneath runs a screen of beautiful open tabernacle work. Specimens of these galleries are still to be met with. At Gilden Morden, in Cambridgeshire, the rood-loft is very large and complete, having a double screen, forming two pews about six feet square, on each side the passage to the chancel; the upper parts consist of light open gothic work of the fifteenth century; the lower part is painted with flowers, and figures of Edmund and Erkenwold, with their names and inscription added.

The rood-loft at Flamborough, in Yorkshire, is also in a very perfect state. It is highly ornamented with tabernacle work, wrought in oak, which was formerly gilt, and contains fourteen niches, with fine canopies, and ten arches below filled with rich tracery.

Confessionals, as their name indicates, were places appropriated to the receiving confession, and pronouncing either absolution, or punishment according to the penitential discipline. At Gloucester the confessional is a large chair, by the side of the door. At the ruined abbey of Maig Adare, in Ireland, are stalls with oblong holes cut in them for confession. On each side of the altar, at Crewkerne, in Somersetshire, is a door leading into a small room; the door by which the penitents entered for confession, has two swine carved over it, to signify their pollution, and that by which they returned has two angels, to signify their purity.

Lady chapels, or retro-choirs, were usually situated between the eastern end of the choir, and the eastern extremity of the building; and were so called from being dedicated to the Virgin Mary. Sick and strange monks commonly sat in the retro-choir during the performance of Divine service. In the rule of the order of Victor of Paris, it is said, "Those who from sickness are in the retro-choir by licence," &c.

Crypts are subterranean chapels, and are mostly Norman. There is much doubt as to their original use, and the difficulty is not likely to be elucidated by future discoveries; indeed, the further we recede from the times, as well as habits of our ancestors, the greater becomes the difficulty of explaining satisfactorily their views and customs. There are several valuable specimens of this portion of our early churches still in existence; that, however, under the Church of St. Peter in the East, in Oxford, is perhaps the most celebrated. It is said to have been built by St. Grymbald, whom Alfred invited to this country from France, and it is hence generally known by the name of "Grymbald's crypt." Upon this subject, as well as upon the origin and use of crypts, much useless controversy has been expended. There are also very fine crypts under York and Winchester Cathedrals, and under Repton Church, in Derbyshire. Sancte bells were bells on the top of the chancel or choir, which were rung when the priest came to the expression in the service, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth," in order that all persons without might fall on their knees, in reverence of the host then elevated. They then bowed the head, spread or elevated the hands, and said, "Salve, lux mundi," &c., Hail, light of the world, &c. Triforia were passages in the wall of the church along the nave above the arches, which separate the nave from the aisles, and were used for the purpose of suspending from them tapestry, and similar ornaments, at festivals. They are still to be seen in most of our cathedrals. Stained glass was a very general ornament in monastic times, and was introduced into the cloisters and refectory as well as into the church.—*Fox's Monks and Monasteries.*

FOREIGNERS pay a willing tribute of admiration to a congregation of Roman ladies, of whom the Princess Doria has long been the superioress. This institution was established by Father Poncileoni, and is composed of about twenty-four ladies, all belonging to the first class of Roman society, princesses, duchesses, and a few countesses. Two of the ladies are appointed to attend every Sunday the hospital of female incurables. They go there at an early hour; they clothe themselves in the dress of nurses, and visit the respective invalids. They comb their hair, wash their hands, listen to their complaints, accept of commissions for their families, and give consolation and alms, according as they find necessary. Thus they go through all the wards. Whenever any of the association is obliged to be absent, the rest are always ready to supply the deficiency. A lady told me that after three months the impression made on her by such a spectacle still remained; but their heroic charity is not, therefore, less lively or animated. Among the ladies some are peculiarly happy in discharging this charitable service, and it is gratifying to observe the satisfaction which the recurrence of their visits produced on the sufferers: there is a general cry of benediction and of love. When a vacancy occurs in the society, it is supplied from among a number of ladies of equal rank, who have for a long time solicited the honour and happiness of being admitted into it.

BARON GERAMB.

There is in the sacred college a Cardinal* known to all Europe, who unites with a sublime piety, the *gift of tongues*, of which he speaks about forty, with a facility and correctness that astonishes those who hear him. One day speaking on this subject to a holy prelate, intimately connected with the Cardinal, I observed, that nothing of the kind had been seen since the day of Pentecost. He answered, that it was an evident gift with which God had rewarded his zeal. When a simple priest, he dedicated himself to the service of the sick in the hospitals, where he passed his days and nights in administering the consolations of religion to the sick. He was afflicted at not being able to understand the foreign soldiers who were brought there, or to make himself understood by them: and he resolved to apply to the study of languages, imploring God with tears to facilitate their acquisition for him. The God of Charity heard his prayer, and rewarding his noble and pure design, communicated to him the talent which makes him the most extraordinary man of his age.

BARON GERAMB.

* Cardinal Mezzofanti.

THE "DYING CHILD" AGAIN.

I THOUGHT to pass away before, and yet alive I am;
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb.
How sadly I remember, rose the morning of the year!
To die before the snowdrop came, and now the violet's here.

Oh sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot rise,
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flow'rs that grow
And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go.

It seemed so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay, and yet His will be done!
But still it can't be long, mother, before I find release;
And that good man, the Clergyman, he preaches words of peace.

Oh blessings on his kindly voice, and on his silver hair!
And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet me there!
And blessings on his kindly heart, and on his silver head;
A thousand times I blessed him, as he knelt beside my bed.

He show'd me all the mercy, for he taught me all the sin,
Now, though my lamp was lighted late, there's one will let me in:
Nor would I now be well, mother, again if that could be,
For my desire is but to pass to Him who died for me.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-watch beat;
There came a sweeter token when the night and morning meet:
But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in mine,
And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.

All in the wild March morning I heard the Angels call;
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all;
The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,
All in the wild March morning I heard them call my soul.

For lying broad awake I thought of you and Effie dear;
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here;
With all my strength I pray'd for both, and so I felt resign'd,
And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listened in my bed,
And then did something speak to me—I know not what it said;
For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my mind;
And up the valley came again the music on the wind.

But you were sleeping; and I said "'tis not for them, 'tis mine,"
And if it come three times, I thought, I take it for a sign,
And once again it came, and close beside the window bars,
Then seemed to go right up to Heav'n and die among the stars.

So now I think my time is near, I trust it is, I know—
The blessed music went the way my soul will have to go,
And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day—
But, Effie, you must comfort *her* when I am past away.

Oh look! the sun begins to rise, the heav'ns are in a glow;
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know:
And there I move no longer now, and there his light may shine
Wild flow'rs in the valley for other hands than mine.

Oh! sweet and strange it seems to me! that ere this day is done,
The voice that now is speaking, may be beyond the sun—
For ever and for ever with those just souls and true—
And what is life that we should moan? why make we such ado?

For ever and for ever, all in a blessed home—
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come,
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast—
Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

TENNYSON.

AN ARGUMENT.

1. Every rational man will admit that there is something better than another; then if there be something better than another, there is something the best of all things. If there be something the best of all things, there is a true God. *Therefore*, if there be something better than another (as certainly there is) *there is a true God.*

2. A true God, supposed or proved, the proof of a true religion is framed in this manner: If we ought to worship God in the manner in which he requires to be worshipped by us, and obey him as he requires to be obeyed by us, there must be some doctrine teaching us in what manner God will be worshipped, and in what matters he will be obeyed by us. If there be some such doctrine, then there is some true religion. *Therefore*, if we ought to worship God in what manner he will be worshipped by us, and to obey him in what matters he will be obeyed by us, as undoubtedly we ought, there must be some true religion.

3. Supposing there is some true religion, the proof of some true *revealed* religion follows thus: If there be some doctrine teaching us in what manner God will be worshipped by us, and in what matters he will be obeyed by us, it must be revealed by God. If there be some such doctrine revealed by God, there is some true revealed religion. *Therefore*, if there be some doctrine teaching us in what manner God, &c. as on the supposition of a true religion there must be, there is then some true *revealed* religion.

4. Supposing that there is some true revealed religion, the proof of the Christian religion is deduced thus: If among all religions, which pretend to be revealed by God, that must be true, which has been *miraculously propagated*, that certainly must be true, which, though containing mysteries and mortifying doctrines, has been propagated without the help of arms or human enticements, by men unfit of themselves for the work, and has supplanted other religions, which preached liberty and pleasure: if such a religion, thus propagated be true, then the Christian religion is true. *Therefore*, if among all religions claiming to be revealed, the one that has been miraculously propagated must be true, the Christian religion is true

5. Supposing the Christian religion to be true, and that the above-mentioned reason is solid (as undoubtedly it is); the proof of the Catholic religion follows thus: If the Christian is true, because propagated in the way stated above; a religion that, though containing mysteries as high and precepts as hard, yet has been propagated in the same way, must needs be true. If so, then the Catholic religion must be true. Therefore, if the Christian religion be true, because propagated in the way above stated (as must be) then the Catholic religion is true.

Lastly, supposing the Catholic religion to be true, it follows that it does not teach any thing as an article of faith which is not true. *Ergo*, if the Catholic religion be true, it does not err against any fundamental point; and if so, it does not teach any thing as an article of faith, which is not true. Therefore, if the Catholic religion be true, as it is on the present supposition, it does not teach any thing as an article of faith, which is not true.

CLERICAL STATISTICS.

The dignitaries and ministers of the Church of England consist of two archbishops, 25 bishops, 29 deans, 58 archdeacons, 355 prebendaries, 291 canons, 10,784 incumbents, and 4,637 curates. There are 952 benefices in the gift of the crown, 1,248 in the gift of the bishops; deans and chapters, 787; dignitaries, 1,851; universities and hospitals, 721; municipal corporations, 53; private owners, 5,096: total, 10,708.

AN OLD LADY'S ADDRESS TO A FLY.

Busy, curious, thirsty fly!
Drink with me, and drink as I!
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip and sip it up;
Make the most of life you may;
Life is short and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline!
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore!
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one!

Gregory XVI. possesses a vigorous constitution. He is singularly gracious; his sweetness, not to say gaiety of manner, tempers the impression which the faithful Christian experiences on beholding the successor of St. Peter—the representative of Jesus Christ on earth. Equally distinguished for his theological attainments, and his literary taste, he causes religion and the arts to flourish. The Christian finds in him a father; the artist a protector. In the most trying circumstances he causes his prudence and firmness to be admired. Virtues, in appearance opposite to each other, are united so naturally in him, that he passes from one to the other without effort and without ostentation. He would sport with an infant, and, if it were necessary, leave him to go before Attila. Before his exaltation to the Pontificate Gregory XVI. was of the order of Camaldoli, and he still continues to practise some of its austerities. Although his head is encircled with the triple crown, and his authority extends to all nations, he sleeps by the side of a magnificent bed, on a plain couch, on which there is nothing but a pallet. His manner of living is that of a private gentleman of small fortune. It is said that when he was made Pope, his maitre d'hôtel came to ask him in what manner he wished his table to be served—"Do you think," answered the Pope, "that my stomach has changed?" One of his relatives, who was about to marry her daughter, wished to come to Rome to have the ceremony performed by his Holiness. "She has her parish priest; that is enough," was the Pope's reply. A dignity of the order of Malta, worth five thousand dollars a year, having become vacant, a deputation waited on the Pope to obtain permission from him to present it to his nephew. "I accept it with pleasure," replied the Pope, "but only for Cardinal Odescalchi." Indeed far from enriching his relatives, his Holiness does not, probably, do enough for them. He is, however, famous for his holy prodigalities; but his people are his family; his children, the poor. The small sum he derives from the state never reaches the bottom of his purse; it is disbursed in various ways as soon as it is received.

Pontiff revered, the father of the poor,
May angels hover round thy snow-white head,
Thy days on earth should be prolonged to spread
The love of God among the sons of men.

Baron Geramb.

When religion takes root in the heart, it will be sure to regulate every thing *without*. Religion puts every thing in its proper place; and makes present things lighter than vanity.

THE CHRISTIAN SERVANT,

OR THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CHARLES LEGRAND.

My father, Jacques Legrand, whom they usually called Jacques Lenoir because of his dark complexion, was one of the most industrious men of our village. His cottage was his own property, and he had built it almost entirely himself; it was situated on a bank about a stone cast from the high-road near the Great Oak in the parish of Saint Pierre in Champagne. The richest proprietor in the village had permitted him to cultivate a few roods of waste land for a garden, and my father had planted some evergreens on one side of his little cottage, and some potatoes on the other. He used to say, that a man to whom God had given two arms, had got all that was necessary; "as for me," he said, "I have never known what it was to want: when I was sick, my neighbours helped me, and when I was well I helped them." My mother, on the other hand, was equally active, but what was more, she was devout and pious, and consequently still more happy. There never was a better or sweeter tempered woman than she was, and she surpassed all in the village for constant application to her work, civility and kindness to her neighbours, and cleanliness and tidiness in her person, her house, and her children. But the thing for which she was most remarkable, (would it were more common) was her extreme exactitude in reciting morning and evening prayers with her family. It would have been a day of hard work indeed, that would have prevented her from fulfilling this duty. At six in the morning, and eight in the evening, as regularly as the clock struck, she knelt with her four children around her, and read with seriousness and devotion a short prayer which our curé had written out for her, finishing with the Lord's prayer and Hail Mary, which we all said in common. When she had ended, she used to say, "now I will go to sleep, or I will go to my work in peace, for we may hope God will protect us." I am sorry to say my father rarely joined us, he always pretended to be busy or tired, though the prayers would not have detained him six minutes; and surely twelve minutes in the day is not too much to give to God! One thing which often struck me was, that if any thing disagreeable had happened to vex or annoy my mother, prayer immediately put all to rights. When she rose from her knees, all traces of vexation had vanished, and truly I have even noticed the same thing happen with my father. When he joined our devotions, it always seemed to calm and sweeten his soul, and render him more affectionate to my mother and the children.

My father and mother being very industrious, ardently desired that their children should become so too, and each was employed according to his age and abilities. From the time that I was thirteen years old, I was engaged in weeding the garden and going messages for the curé; and at fourteen years old he took me into his house, and I was not a little proud in being called his little servant. The morning on which I quitted the paternal roof, my mother, who was as pious as she was good, seemed very much affected; she said that she could not let me go out into the world, without placing me first under the protection of that Providence which governs all things, and then making me kneel down beside her she prayed. "Father of mercy, look down in pity upon my dear child, I give him up to Thy care, preserve him I beseech Thee from the temptations that will beset his path; give him a solid piety and an ardent zeal to fulfil the duties of the state to which Thou callest him. And thou, O Virgin Mother, be a mother to my boy, and preserve him in innocence that he may live with thee for ever in heaven." She then gave me her blessing, and putting "the imitation of Christ" into my pocket besought me to fear God always, and act towards my master as I would he should act towards me.

In the new position in which I found myself, all certainly was not agreeable. The sister of my master was of a sour and fretful disposition; while the cook was a regular scold. But where can we find a service where every thing is pleasant? what situation is without annoyances of some kind or other? every state of life has its peculiar pains, and servants have theirs; and if they will not learn to bear with little annoyances, they must change every year of their life, without finding themselves in the end any better from their changes. I speak from experience.

Although through the grace of God I had received a more christian education than many other children, I had, notwithstanding, faults which it was necessary to correct before I could become a good servant. At first, when I was sent a message I used to remain a long time, my youth preventing me from reflecting that by so doing I was wasting what did not belong to me, the time which was my master's. Moreover, as all that I saw and all that I heard was new to me, I amused myself too much in gossiping with my old companions. But when I grew older, I began to reflect how wrong it was. One Sunday evening I had got leave to go and see my parents, and I began to recount to my mother how there was a great dispute in the house because —she put her hand on my mouth before I could finish my sentence, and said, "Charles, not one word more on what passes in your master's house; whatever is said or done there, ought not to be repeated beyond the threshold. A servant who tells tales is an unfaithful servant, he betrays the confidence his master places in him."

The vehemence of my mother surprised me not a little, but it made such an impression on me, that from that day I was thoroughly cured of this fault. Into what misery has not the tattling and talebearing of some domestics thrown them? Nicolas, for example, the servant of a rich gentleman

in the neighbourhood, lost an excellent situation from an indiscretion of that kind. Nicolas and I were much too intimate at one time. I remember when I was about sixteen, it happened one day that my master dined at the house of his master and took me with him. After dinner, Nicolas persuaded me to play at cards with him. I had saved six francs and a few sous, more money than I had ever had before. In less than a hour Nicolas reduced me to my last penny; but although the loss was very painful to me, the end proved it to be a happy event, for by my mother's advice I made the resolution never to play, and by the grace of God I have been enabled to keep it until now. I wish with all my heart that my comrades would do the same. The habit of playing cards for money so common in great houses, is one of the worst habits we can form. My poor brother Thomas was a victim to it. One day he had received his quarter's wages, and he lost it at cards the same evening. What was the consequence? To reimburse himself he stole from his master, and this led him to a bad end. In place of employing their leisure in playing cards, it would be better if servants would employ themselves in reading some amusing book, or in writing and ciphering. For my part, I preferred taking lessons in writing, and it is by having acted thus that I have qualified myself for the situation I now enjoy.

I remember Nicolas used to say "while my master plays in the parlour, why should not I play in the kitchen?" But Nicolas did not reflect that his master was rich, and played only for small sums, so his losses exposed his honesty to no temptation, and then, his master could read and write at other times; while, on the contrary, it was only during his leisure moments that he could instruct himself. What was a simple affair for a rich man, was ruinous for a servant. Besides, if we have a master who is a professed gambler, it is no reason why we should be the same: a servant should do what is right, and leave his master to act as he pleases. If a master swears, or drinks, or speaks indecently, or profanely, he will have to render an account to God, and I fear a sad one; but the example ought not to authorize our faults, though it may augment the weight of his. We must take care of our souls, whatever our masters may choose to do.

But to return to my story. I am ashamed to say how many times I had recourse to lying in the first days of my service, to excuse, or to hide my faults. Fortunately for me, I was cured of this vile habit, and it happened thus. One day I was told to carry a bottle of wine to a sick man, one of my master's penitents; I was awkward enough to break the bottle, and of course to spill the wine. What was to be done? acknowledge the consequences of my carelessness, or conceal it by a lie? After a little hesitation I decided on telling a lie, and immediately invented my story. "The poor man was so very grateful! how he blessed my master! he was a little better, and his wife thought the wine would restore him to life." Thus prepared, I returned to the house, and when about to enter, I met a pedlar at the door, from whom I bought for two sous a little book containing a well-known history of a woman who dropped down dead while in the act of telling a lie. Certainly it was heaven who sent the pedlar to save me from committing the fault I meditated. "If this woman," thought I, "died suddenly for telling a lie, why may not the same thing happen to me?" I immediately went to my master and acknowledged my carelessness and its consequences. Well was it for me that I did so, for the sick man, whose thanks and gratitude I had purposed to express to my master, had died three hours before the bottle was broken. I began then to see what all my after experience has proved, that independantly of the sin of lying, it is much more advantageous in the long run to confess the truth at once, than to hide it by a falsehood. When a servant has told a lie, he is in constant fear of detection, sooner or later the truth will come out, and then his reputation is gone. While on the other hand, if he confesses his fault, he will probably escape reproaches, or at the worst, his candour will procure pardon.

After seven years spent with the curé, when I had attained the age of twenty, one day my master called me into his study. "Charles," said he to me, "you have been a long time now in my service, and I have had much pleasure in remarking the decency, propriety, and activity of your conduct. Experience, I doubt not, will correct the few faults which still cling to you. You are now able for a better place, where you can gain more wages, I have, therefore, recommended you to a friend of mine at Paris, who will have a vacancy for you in a month if you like to go there. I should think it wrong to place you in a position so difficult and trying without giving you some advice; listen then, dear Charles, for what I have to say is for your good. In the first place, fear God, and you need not fear man. Act always as if in His presence. Never get up or go to sleep without praying. Do always for your master what you would like him to do for you if your situations were reversed. Endeavour to acquire a worthy friend, but fly, as from a pestilence, all wicked companions. Be careful in avoiding all undue familiarity with the female servants, a fault of this kind may be ruinous for both body and soul. Fly the ale-house as you would a mortal sin, once you put your foot there, you will not easily withdraw it again. Take care of your money, and your money will take care of you. Here is a book of christian instruction for you, the more you read it, the more you will like it, and the better you like it, the happier and the better you will become. I have written some advices on the first page. God bless you, Charles, and may His holy Mother assist you in every difficulty. My course is now nearly finished, but let

us be devout to her and we shall meet each other one day in heaven."

The kindness of my master touched me so much that I burst into tears; notwithstanding I was well pleased to go and see such a fine city as Paris, though I could not quit, without sincere regret, a house where I had been treated more as a son than as a servant. I will not attempt to paint my separation from my mother—no words could express the earnest manner in which she conjured me to be pious and upright, and besought God to bless me. Her last words I shall never forget. "I know, my son," she said, "that you love me tenderly, and that nothing would induce you to give me pain. Remember, then, that if ever you are guilty of a dishonourable action, you will plunge a sword into my bosom." At these words her eyes filled with tears, and she hastily left me and entered the cottage, shutting the door.

Behold me now in the great and dangerous city of Paris, in the service of a rich master, who had a dozen servants besides myself. If people knew Paris as well as I do now, ah! how would they fear to exchange a peaceful village life for the perils and temptations of a large city! How many young persons have I known, happy and peaceful in their native place, who came to Paris in the hope of getting better wages, and who there lost their integrity, peace of conscience, health, honour—*all;* for they lost their soul. Mechanics, particularly, go to large towns to gain higher wages, without considering that for a small dark and dirty room they will pay more than they would have given for a nice cottage and garden in their own village. They forget to calculate on the high price of provisions, and the snares that are laid in the way of their sober and industrious habits.

For the first few days after my arrival, every thing appeared to me delightful, plenty to eat, plenty to drink, and little to do; but the face of things soon changed, and I was exposed to the most cruel temptations. Until then I had considered sobriety, zeal, and piety as virtues. I had never been given to swearing, never drank nor gambled. I went to church whenever I could, I said my prayers morning and evening, and made my meditation every Sunday, at least, if not every day. But to continue these habits in my new situation was to expose myself to the ridicule or hatred of my fellow servants. One would have thought they had laid a wager who should torment me most, and they never ceased to cry out against my hypocrisy. In short, for three weary months my life was so miserable, that at length, God forgive me, I was tempted to imitate my companions, and lose my soul for ever in order to escape a few passing vexations. Things were in this condition when I unexpectedly found comfort and consolation. One Sunday morning I heard a Jesuit Father preach on the following text, "Blessed are they who suffer for righteousness sake, for great is their reward in heaven." His eloquent discourse in developing this text, was so appropriate to my feelings and my situation, that I could have thought he was speaking to me in particular; and by the grace of God all that the worthy father said entered into my heart, and I not only determined to bear courageously the insults and mockeries of my companions, but to consider them as so many means of grace, for which I ought to be truly thankful to God. I would beseech all servants who find themselves in similar circumstances to suffer patiently, for their cause is good, and in the end their triumph is certain.

In a short time all my troubles ceased. "Certainly," said the coachman one day, "though Charles is somewhat of a bigot, he is no bad fellow in the main. Perhaps it would be better for us if we were like him. He is modest, and obliging to every one; for my part I will tease him no more." These words, which I overheard by chance, gave me great pleasure; and I soon saw, by the change in my companions, that the coachman's opinion had no little effect. It is true that in every thing I had done my best to gain their good opinion. I was civil and obliging to every one. When there was any disagreeable job to be done, I did not wait to inquire whether it was my business, but put my hand to the work immediately. When any one scolded me, I never spoke back again; I tried to smooth matters when there was a quarrel, and never told tales to my master, unless I saw him imposed upon, when it would have been sinful for me to hold my tongue. In never departing from this line of conduct, my situation became agreeable, my master treated me with kindness and confidence, my companions, with regard approaching to affection. At the end of two years, the servant who made all the purchases having been discharged for drunkenness, my master called me, and said, that believing me to be honest and faithful, and knowing I could read and keep accounts, he would henceforth send me to market. After this I went every day, and had always a considerable sum of my master's in my hands. I prayed to God from the bottom of my heart to preserve me from temptation. The first day I began, I had purchased fruit to the amount of fifteen francs, and when about to leave the shop, the fruiterer slipped a franc into my hand. As it was the first time I had ever seen the man, I was surprised at his generosity; but happily I had the presence of mind to ask if he had not charged my master more in consequence of this compliment. "Is it not usual," he replied, "for servants to expect these little attentions from the persons from whom they purchase? we are consequently obliged to swell their master's account a little." "So then," said I, "the money you give is not out of your own pocket?" "Certainly not," he replied. "Very well," I answered, "keep your franc, but mark only fourteen to my master's account." I have always acted thus on every occasion. To say the least, the practice is a very equivocal one, and the servant who accepts these perquisites, may in time learn to help himself, if his master leaves his purse lying about.

One morning, on making up my week's account, I discovered a mistake of twenty francs in my master's calculations to my advantage. "Here," said I to myself, "is an occasion of gaining a little money without risk of discovery, but what will become of the peace of my soul?" I immediately pointed out the error to my master. "Charles," he replied, "you are right; the truth is, I did it on purpose to try you—you will not lose by this." I do not think it fair for masters to try their servants in this way, but many do it, so it is very necessary to be on our guard. Dishonesty never goes unpunished. I have seen very remarkable instances of this, even when great cunning was employed to conceal the cheat.

One morning as I was returning from market, I met the steward of Count D. who said to me, that having long remarked my honesty and zeal, he was happy in being able to offer me a situation, where my wages would be nearly doubled. I thanked him, and promised to give him a definite answer the following evening. In the course of the day I went to a pious and worthy friend whom I usually consulted in any emergency, and asked his opinion as to what I should do. After some deliberation he said, "Charles, do not change: once you are fixed, attach yourself to your situation—when you have remained several years in the same place, you will be of some consideration in the eyes of your master. A good family always looks on an old servant as belonging to themselves, and they would never see them in want; whereas a servant who is always changing his place has no friend in his misfortunes, and rarely saves anything for his old age." It was well for me I followed this advice, for if I had not, I would probably have been but a poor servant all my life.

Before finishing my own history, it may be useful to record here the melancholy death of my poor brother Tom. Alas! the gaiety of his character made him much sought after by idle companions, and his captivating qualities only led to his untimely end. One morning he came to me very early, looking very melancholy, an unusual thing for him. He told me he had been discharged from his place without a character, without money, and with a great deal of debt; and, what was worse of all, without a single friend. "Besides," he added, "I am really very unwell." His illness increased. The morning before his death, as I stood by his bed-side, who did I see enter the room but my poor mother, who had walked fifty leagues to watch over and console her guilty son. When she saw his pale face and wasted figure, she was so overpowered that she fainted. When she came to herself, and had relieved her overwrought feelings by tears, "My dear Thomas," she said, "I have come to restore you if I can." "Ah, mother," he answered, placing his cold hand in hers, "it is too late. I have but a few minutes to live, and it is by neglecting your advice I have come to this, ruined by gambling and debauchery! Oh, what will become of my poor soul!" Hardly had he spoken these words when he was seized with convulsions, and though he lived a few hours he never spoke more, and died that evening in the arms of my poor mother. But let me conclude my own story.

Scarcely had I refused the offer which I formerly mentioned, when my master, in consideration of my faithful services (as he said) made me his steward. He was so good and kind to me on all occasions, that I redoubled my vigilance over myself, lest, like too many favoured domestics who have lived long in the same place, I should become proud, insolent, or familiar. I continued in this situation for six years. The family had gone to reside in the country, and I became acquainted with the daughter of a farmer who lived near the castle. Her religious principles, her industrious habits, her amiable and gentle manners, made me anxious to obtain her hand. Pious, industrious, and retiring, she had no taste for useless expense; and I also was careful to save, though I never failed to send assistance to my parents. I had been able to gather about 2000 francs, (£80.) and the father of Fanny promised to give 1000 more, so we thought we might venture to take a small farm. When I mentioned my plans to my master, he said, "Although I am sorry to part with such a good servant as you are, Charles, yet I cannot stand in the way of your advancement; however, I believe it will not be necessary for us to separate entirely. I require a superintendant on my estate, you can have the situation; and your father-in-law, who is an experienced farmer, will help you and instruct you in what you have to do. I will let you have a small farm at an easy rate, which you can cultivate yourself," I gratefully accepted the offer, and Fanny and I have now passed six years in our little farm situated just beyond the park gate. My father being dead, and my brother and sister settled in life, my mother, who is an old woman now, lives with us. Thanks to her example and precepts: a sentiment of profound piety has penetrated my heart, and experience has convinced me that religion alone can render a man happy.

I trust my history may be useful to those who are called by Providence to live in a state of servitude. Servants should ever remember that no situation is dishonourable for the man who fulfils the duties attached to it; but, on the contrary, virtue elevates and ennobles the most humble condition. There must be differences of rank in the world, for so God has ordained: but let servants be obedient and faithful to their masters, and devout towards their God; and their conduct will be rewarded on earth, while in eternity they will enjoy the reward of the good and faithful servant, entering into the joy of their Lord.

M. L.

Not more necessary are constant supplies of water to the growth of vegetation in the sultry regions of the East, than the influences of divine truth to the existence of human happiness. If a tree, planted by the margin of a refreshing river, is proof against the heat of the sun, or the unfavourableness of the seasons, he, also, who, into a well-prepared heart, receives continual infusions of religious wisdom, is flourishing and happy amidst all the inconveniences of life.—*Bishop Jebb.*

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